

# The VALIANTS of VIRGIN

W HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES ILLUSTRATIONS 65 LAUREN STOUT





SYNOPSIS.

John Valiant, a rich society favorite, suddenly discovers that the Vallant corporation, which his father founded and which was the principal source of his wealth, has failed. He voluntarily turns over his private fortune to the receiver for the corporation. His entire remaining nossessions cousist of an old motor car, a white bull dog and Damory court, a neglected estate in Virginia. On the way to Damory court he meets Shirley Dandridge, and an auburn-haired beauty, and decides that he is going to like Virginia immensely. Shirley's mother, Mrs. Dandridge, and Major Bristow exchange remainscences during which it is revealed that the major, Vallant's father, and a man named Susson were rivals for the hund of Mrs. Dandridge in her youth. Sasson and Vallant fought a duel on her account in which the former was killed. Vallant finds Damory court overgrown with weeds and creepers and the buildings in a very much neglected condition. He decides to rehabilitate the place and make the land produce a living for him. Vallant saves Shirley from the bite of a snake, which bites him. Knewing the deadliness of the bite, Shirley sucks the

CHAPTER XIV-Continued "Listen, Shirley. What's that Ric key is telling Ranston?"

"Don' yo' come heah wid yo' no count play-actin' Cyan' fool Rapston wid no sich snek-story, neidah. Aln' no moc'sin at Dam'ry Co'ot, en neb-

"There was, too!" insisted Rickey One bit him and Miss Shirley found him and sent Uncle Jefferson for Doctor Southall and it saved his life! there! Doctor Southall told Mrs. Ma-And he isn't a man who's just come to fix it up, either; he's the really truly man that owns it!"

"Who on earth is that child talking

Shirley put her arm around, her mother and kissed her. Her heart was beating quickly. "The owner has come to Damory Court. He-

The small book Mrs. Dandridge held fell to the floor. "The owner! What owner?

"Mr. Vallant - Mr. John Vallant. The son of the man who abandoned it so long ago." As she picked up the fallen volume and put it into her mother's hands, Shirley was startled by the whiteness of her face.

"Dearest!" she cried. "You are Ill. You shouldn't have come down." It's nothing. I've been shut up all day. Go and open the other

Shirley threw it wide. "Can I get your salts?" she asked anxiously.

"No." Her mother shook her head. she said, almost sharply. "There's nothing whatever the matter with me. Only my nerves aren't what they used to be. I suppose and snakes always did get on them. Now, give me the gist of it first. I can wait for the rest. There's a tenant at Damory Court. And his name's John-Vallant. And he was bitten by a moccasin. When?" This afternoon

Mrs. Dandridge's voice shook, "Will he-will he recover?"

"Oh, yes."

Beyond any question?"

"And you found him, Shirley-

you?" "I was there when it happened." She had crouched down on the rug in her favorite posture, her coppery hair against her mother's knee, catching strange reddish over-tones like molten metal, from the shaded lamp. Mrs. Dandridge fingered her cane nervously. Then she dropped her hand on the girl's head.

"Now," she said, "tell me all about

#### CHAPTER XV.

The Anniversary, The story was not a long one though it omitted nothing; the morning fox-hunt and the identification of the new arrival at Damory Court as the owner of yesterday's stalled motor; the afternoon raid on the jessamine, the conversation with John Va

Jiant in the woods. Mrs. Dandridge, gazing into the fire. listened without comment, but more than once Shirley saw her hands clasp themselves together and thought, too that she seemed strangely nale. The swift and tragic sequel to that meeting was the hardest to tell, and as she ended she put up her hand to her shoulder, holding it hard. "It was horrible!" she said. Yet now she did not shudder. Strangely enough, the sense of loathing which had been surging over her at recurrent intervals ever since that hour in the wood.

had vanished utterly! She read the newspaper article aloud and her mother listened with an expression that puzzled her. When she finished, both were silent for a moment, then she asked, "You must have known his father, dearest; didn't

"Yes," said Mrs. Dandridge after a pause, "I-knew his father."

Shirley said no more, and facing each other in the candle-glow, across the spotless damask, they talked, as with common consent, of other things. She thought she had never seen her mother more brilliant. An odd excitement was flooding her cheek with red and she chatted and laughed as she had not done for years.

But after dinner the gaiety and effervescence faded quickly and Mrs. Dandridge went early to her room She mounted the stair with her arm thrown about Shirley's pliant waist. At her door she kissed her, looking at her with a strange smile. "How curious," she said, as if to herself, "that it should have happened today!"

The reading-lamp had been lighted on her table. She drew a slim gold chain from the bosom of her dress and held to the light a little locketbrooch it carried. It was of black enamel, with a tiny laurel-wreath of pearls on one side encircling a single diamond. The other side was of crystal and covered a baby's russet-colored curl. In her fingers it opened and disclosed a miniature at which she looked closely for a moment.

Her eyes turned restlessly about the room. It had been hers as a girl, for Rosewood had been the old Garland homestead. It seemed now all at once to be full of calling memories of her youth.

"How strange that it should have been today!" It had been on Shirley's lips to question, but the door had closed, and she went slowly downstairs. She sat a while thinking, but at length grew restless and began to walk to and fro across the floor, her hands clasped behind her head so that the cool air filled her flowing sleeves. In the hall she could hear the lessurely kon-kon-kon-kon of the tall clock. The evening outside was exquisitely still and the metallic monotone was threaded with the airy fiddle-fiddle of crickets in the grass and punctuated with the rain-glad cloap of a frog.

Shirley stepped lightly down to the wet grass. Looking back, she could see her mother's lighted blind. All around the ground was splotched with rose-petals, looking in the squares of light like bloody rain. She skimmed the lawn and ran a little way down the lane. A shuffling sound presently fell on her ear.

"Is that you, Unc' Jefferson?" she called softly.

"Yas'm!" The footsteps came nearer. "Et's me. Miss Shirley." He tittered noiselessly, and she could see his bent form vibrating in the gloom. "Yo' reck'n Ah done fergit?"

"No, indeed. I knew you wouldn't do that. How is he?"

"He right much bettah," he replied in the same guarded tone. "Doctah he say he be all right in er few days, blew about him, lifting his hair and



But More Than Once Shirley Saw Her Hands Clasp Themselves Together.

on'y he gotter lay up er while. Dat was er ugly nip he got f'om dat 'spisable rentyle." "Do you think there can be any

others about the grounds?" "No'm. Dey mos'ly keeps ter de

ma'sh-lan' en on'y runs whah de undah-bresh ez thick. I gwineter fix dat ter-morrow. Mars' Valiant he tell me ter grub et all out en make er bonfiah ob it."

"That's right, Unc' Jefferson, Good night, and thank you for coming." She started back to the house, when

his voice stopped her, "Mis' Shirley, yo' don' keer of de ole man geddahs two er three ob dem Seems lak young mars' moughty fon' ob dem. He got one in er glass but et's mos' dald now."

"Wait a minute," she said, and disquickly with a handful which she put in his grasp.

"There!" she whispered, and slipped back through the perfumed dark.

An hour later she stood in the cozy She threw off her gown, slipped into a soft loose robe of maize-colored silk and stood before the small glass. She pulled out the amber pins and drew her wonderful hair on either side of her face, looking out at her reflection like a mermaid from between the rip pling waves of a moon-golden sea.

At last she turned, and seating her self at the desk, took from it a diary She scanned the pages at random, her eyes catching lines here and there. "A good run today. Betty and Judge Chalmers and the Pendleton boys. My fourth brush this season." A frown drew itself across her brows, and she turned the page. "One of the hounds broke his leg, and I gave him to Rickey." • • "Chilly Lusk to dinner today, after swimming the Lor-

ing Rapid." She bit her lip, turned abruptly to the new page and took up her pen. "This morning a twelve-mile run to Damory Court," she wrote. "This afternoon went for cape jessamines." There she paused. The happenings and sensations of that day would not

be recorded. They were unwritable, She laid down her pen and put her forehead on her clasped hands. How empty and inane these entries seemed beside this rich and eventful twentyfour hours just passed! What had she been doing a year ago today? she wondered. The lower drawer of the desk held a number of slim diaries like the one before her. She pulled it out took up the last-year's volume and opened it.

"Why," she said in surprise, "I got essamine for mother this very same day last year!" she pondered frowning, then reached for a third and a fourth. From these she looked up, startled. That date in her mother's calendar called for cape jessamines. What was the fourteenth of May to her?

She bent a slow troubled gaze about her. The room had been hers as a She seemed suddenly back in child. that childhood, with her mother bending over her pillow and fondling her rebellious hair. When the wind cried for loneliness out in the dark she had sung old songs to her. Sad songs! Even in those pinafore years Shirley had vaguely realized that pain lay behind the brave gay mask. Was there something - some event - that had caused that dull-colored life and unfulfilment? And was today, perhaps, its anniversary?

John Valiant sat propped up on the library couch, an open magazine unheeded on his knee. The readingstand beside him was a litter of letters and papers. The bow-window was open and the honeysuckle breeze ruffling the leaves of the papers. In the garden three darkies were laboring, under the supervision of Uncle Jefferson. The unsightly weeds and lichen were gone from the graveled paths, and from the fountain pool, whose shaft now spouted a slender spray shivered by the breeze into a million diamonds, which fell back into the pool with a tintinabulant trickle and drip.

The master of Damory Court closed the magazine with a sigh. "If I could only do it all at once!" he muttered. "It takes such a confounded time. Four days they've been working now, and they haven't done much more than clean up." He laughed, and threw the magazine at the dog who dodged it with injured alacrity, "After all. Chum," he remarked, "it's been thirty years getting in this condition.

guess we're doing pretty well." He stretched luxuriously. "I'll take a hand at it myself tomorrow. I'm as right as rain again now, thanks to Aunt Daph and the doctor. Some thing of a crusty citizen, the doctor but he's all to the good."

A heavy step came along the porch and Uncle Jefferson appeared with a tray holding a covered dish with a plate of biscult and a round jam-pot "Look here," said John Vallant, "I had my luncheon three hours ago, I'm being stuffed like a milk-fed turkey."

The old man smiled widely. "Et's jes' er li'l anack er broth," he said. 'Reck'n et'll kinder float eroun' de yuddah things. Dis' yeah pot's dat apple-buttah whut Miss Mattle Sue sen' yo' by Rickey Snyder."

Valiant sniffed with satisfaction I'm getting so confoundedly spoiled," he said, "that I'm tempted to stay sick appeared in the darkness, returning and do nothing but eat. By the way, Uncle Jefferson, where did Rickey come from? Does she belong here?"

"No, suh. She come fom Hell's-Half-Acre." What's that?"

"Dat's dat ornery passle o' folks yondah on de Dome," explained Un-cle Jefferson, "Dey's been dah long's Ah kin recommembah—jes' er ramshackle lot o' shifless po'-white trash what git erlong anyways 't all." "That's interesting," said Valiant.

"So Rickey belonged there?" "Yas, suh; nebbah 'd a-come down heah 'cep'in' fo' Mis' Shirley. She de one whut fotch de li'l gal outen dat place, en put huh wid Mis' Mattle Sue, three yeah ergo."

A sudden color came into John Valiant's cheeks. "Tell me about it." His voice vibrated eagerly.

"Well, suh," continued Uncle Jeffer son, "dey was one o' dem low-down Hell's-Half-Acrers, name' Greef King, whut call hese'f de mayah ob de Dome, en he went on de rampage one day, en took ahtah his wife. She was er po' sickly 'coman, wid er li'l gal five yeah ol' by er fust husban'. He done beat huh heap o' times befo', but dis time he boun' ter finish huh. Ah reck'n he was too drunk fo' dat, en she got erway en run down heah. Et was wintah time en dah's snow on de groun'. Dah's er road f'om de Dome dat hits de Red Road clost' ter Rose wood-dat ar's de Dandridge placeen she come dah. Reck'n she wuz er pitiful-lookin' obstacle. 'Peahs lak she done put de li'l gal up in de cabin lof en hid de laddah, en she mos' crazy fo' feah Greef git huh. She lef' he huntin' fo' de young 'un when she run erway. Dey was on'y Mis Judith en Mis' Shirley en de gal Em'line at Rosewood. Well, suh, dey wa'nt no time ter sen' fo' men. Whut yo' reck'n Mis' Shirley do? She aln' afeahd o' nuffin on dis yerf, en she on'y sehenteen yeah ol' den, too. She don' tell Mis' Judith-no, suh! She run out ter de stable en saddle huh hoss, en she gallop up dat road ter Hell's-Half-Acre lak er shot outen er shovel.

Valiant brought his hands together "Yes, yes," he said. "And sharply.

then? "When she come ter Greef King's abin, he done foun' de laddah, en one er he foots was on de rung. He had er ax in he han'. De po' li'l gal was peepin' down thoo' de cracks o' de lo', en prayin' de bestes' she know She say arterwuhds dat she rock'n de Good Lawd sen' er angel, fo' Mis' Shirley were all in whiteshe didn' stop ter change huh close She didn' say nuffin, Mis' Shirley didn'. She on'y lay huh han' on Greef King's ahm, en he look at huh face, en he drop he ax en go. Den she clumb de laddah en fotch de chile down in huh ahms en take huh on de hoss en come back. Dat de way et

happen, suh." "And Rickey was that little child!" "Yas, suh, she sho' was, In de mawnin' er posse done ride up ter Hell's-Half-Acre en take Greef King in. De majah he argyfy de case fo' de State, en when he done git thoo', dey mos' put de tow eroun' King's nek in de co'ot room. He done got six yeah, en et mos' broke de majah's ha'at dat dey couldn' give him no mo'. He wuz cert'n'y er bad aig, dat

Greef wuz. Dey say he done sw'ah he gwineter do up de majah when he git out." Such was the story which Uncle Jefferson told, standing in the doorway. When his shuffling step had retreated, Valiant went to the table and picked up a slim tooled volume that lay there. It was "Lucile," which he had found in the hall the night of his arrival. He opened it to a page where

He stood looking at it abstractedly, his nostrils widening to its crushed spicy scent, then closed it and slipped it into his pocket.

pressed and wrinkled but still retain

ing its bright red pigment, lay what

#### CHAPTER XVI.

In Devil-John's Day. He was still sitting motionless when here came a knock at the door and it opened to admit the gruff voice of Doctor Southall. A big form was close

"Hell. Up, I see. I took the liberty of bringing Major Bristow." The master of Damory Court came

forward-limping the least trifle-and shook hands. "Glad to know you, sah," said the

"Allow me to congratulate major. you; it's not every one who ge's bitten by one of those infernal moccasins that lives to talk about it. You must be a pet of Providence, or else you have a cast-iron constitution,

Valiant waved his hand toward the man of medicine, who said, "I reckon Miss Shirley was the Providence in the case. She had sense enough to send for me quick and speed did it." "Well, sah," the major said, "I

ckon under the circumstances, your first impressions of the section aren't anything for us to brag about." "I'm delighted; it's hard for me to tell how much."

"Wait till you know the fool place," growled the doctor testily. "You'll change your tune."

The major smiled genially. "Don't be taken in by the doctor's pessimism. You'd have to get a yoke of three year oxen to drag him out of this state.

"It would take as many for me." Valiant laughed a little. "You who have always lived here, can scarcely understand what I am feeling, I imagine. You see, I never knew till quite recently-my childhood was largely spent abroad, and I have no near relatives-that my father was a Virginian and that my ancestors always lived here. Why, there's a room upstairs with the very toys they played with when they were children! To learn that I belong to it all; that I myself am the last link in such a chain!"

"The ancestral instinct," said the doctor. "I'm glad to see that it means something still, in these rotten days."

"Of course," John Vallant continued, every one knows that he has ancestors. But I'm beginning to see that what you call the ancestral instinct needs a locality and a place." way it seems to me that an old estate like this has a soul too-a sort of clan or family soul that reacts on the descendant."

"Rather a Japanesy Idea, isn't it?" observed the major. "But I know what you mean. Maybe that's why old Virginian families hang on to their land in spite of hell and high-water. They count their forebears real live people, quite capable of turning over in their graves. "Mine are beginning to seem very

real to me. Though I don't even know their Christian names yet, I can judge them by their handiwork. The men who built Damory Court had a sense of beauty and of art." "And their share of deviltry, too,"

put in the doctor. "I suppose so," admitted his host. 'At this distance I can bear even that But good or bad, I'm deeply thankful that they chose Virginia. Since I've been laid up, I've been browning in the library here-

"A bit out of date now, I reckon," said the major, "but it used to pass muster. Your grandfather was something of a book-worm. He wrote a history of the family, didn't he?" "Yes. I've found it. 'The Valiants of Virginia.' I'm reading the Revolu



'I'm Tempted to Stay Sick and Do Nothing but Eat."

flongry chanters now. It never seemed real before-it's been only a slice of impersonal and rather dull history. But the book has made it come alive I'm having the thrill of the globetrotter the first time he sees the Tower of London or the field of Waterloo, I see more than that stubble-field out yonder; I see a big wooden stockade with soldiers in ragged buff and blue guarding it"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Doing Their Best. Little Maggie had not been to the country before, and, getting lonesome, she was told she might go to the barn and look for eggs. Presently she returned without any.

"Couldn't you find any eggs, dear?" asked her mother. "No. The hens were scratching all around as hard as they could, but they hadn't found a single egg," was the

MADE UP OF LITTLE THINGS to bruise their whole bodies and dis-Small Events Count for Much More I Life Than Those We Consider

We love little things, we hate little things, we fear little things; our lives are knit up with little things from the lime we are born to the day we die.

of Importance.

Big things draw us up to Heaven or crush us down to hell. Little things live beside us on the earth, eat and sleep with us, laugh and grumble with us, catch the early train with us, or make us miss it, irritate and appeas us-never leave us alone for a min

important than the big things—the venter makes use of a fabric which things that only come once in a way, is much more flexible and it protects

locate their tempers by the daily stumbling over a mole-hill. It is the little things that count—the satisfaction of climbing Mount Olympus is a poor sort of attainment if the scores and scores of pleasant details which wait upon success be absent.-From the Atlantic.

Protects Whole Hand. Protecting gloves generally in use

for X-ray work are ordinary gloves having applied on the back a layer of rubber that contains lead, as lead is known to stop the rays. But this is somewhat stiff and lacks suppleness, and besides it is only the back of the hand that is protected. A French inventer makes use of a fabric which the whole of the hand from injury by from silk which is heavily "sized" with a lead composition, so that it contains tissue has the advantage of being much more elastic and acts as a very good screen for the X-ray, espec

## For Handy Boys and Girls to Make and Do

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By A. NEELY HALL.

WHEN YOU GO ON A "HIKE." No doubt you have all heard of blazed trails," where the bark of trees is chopped off in places to mark the path taken. To indicate that the trail lies straight ahead, the woodsman

SIGNS OF THE TRAIL KNOTTED-GRASSES SIGNS

· TWIG · SIGNS STRAIGHT TURN TO TURN TO AHEAD! RIGHT! LEFT! STONE-HEAP-SIGNS

chops off a piece of bark every now and then from the side of a tree facing the trail, then where a turn is made, he cuts or "blazes" the nearest tree to that turn in the same way, and makes an additional cut upon the right or left of this, according to whether the turn is made to the right or left Unless you carry a small ax with

you, you will not be able to make blazed trails, though you should remember how to read them. The three sets of signs shown in Figs. 1, 2 and 3 will be of more use to you. The knotted-grasses signs, shown in Fig. 1. are often used in marking a trail across a prairie, and are a very simple form of marking. The danger sig nal is useful in giving warning of a dangerous place ahead, and is intended to put you upon your guard. The twig signs (Fig. 2), which are made by breaking the ends of tree branches or bushes in such a manner that the broken ends will hang down and point

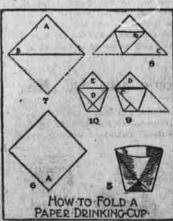
away from the direction to be taken, is-

HOW TO USE A WATCH

AS A COMPASS another good method. One advantage of this scheme is that on the return trip the silver sides of the leaves of the broken twigs will face you, and thus be easily distinguished from the surrounding leaves. The stone-heap signs (Fig. 3) are generally used

where there are no trees to blaze. It is a good plan to carry a compass when tramping, but if you lose your directions when without a compass your watch will help you out of the difficulty. Hold the watch as shown in Fig. 4, with the hour hand pointed toward the sun, then halfway between the point of the hour hand and the 12 o'clock figure will be south. If the face of a watch were divided into 24 hours, the 12 o'clock mark would always lay in the direction of south but as it is divided into only one-half that many hours, it is necessary to take the point halfway between the hour hand and 12 o'clock. Thus, at 4 p. m. south will lie approximately in the direction of 2 o'clock, while at 8 a. m. it will lie approximately in the direction

A folded paper cup is extremely simple to make, and you will often



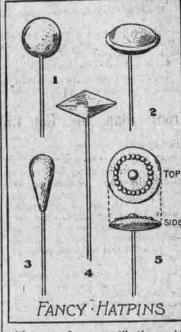
cup is not at hand. Tear a piece of the corner A over to the opposite ner (Fig. 7), fold corner B over to the position shown in Fig. 8, fold corner C over to the position shown in Fig. 9 turn down the upper corner D as in Fig. 10, and turn down corner E on the opposite side. Spread the upper edges part, and the cup is completed.

By DOROTHY PERKINS.

NEW IDEAS FOR HOMEMADE

JEWELRY. Necklaces. lavallieres, bracelets, watch-fobs, and all manner of pieces of jewelry, large and small and of attractive design, may be made by the new process which I am going to tell you about. The materials need ed are inexpensive—cornstarch, com-mon table salt, cold water, fruit coloring or water-colors, small crystal beads

and pearl beads. The cornstarch, salt and water must be made into a mixture for modeling, in the proportions of 1 tablespoon of cornstarch, to 2 tablespoons of salt, to 1 tablespoon of cold water. If you wish the material colored, first add the dye to the water. Mix the water with the cornstarch, then heat the salt in a small pan, and when "piping hot" pour it in with the cornstarch and knead



with your fingers until thoroughly mixed.

Fancy hatpins are the simplest things to start with, and Figs. 1 to 5 show several pins with prettily designed heads that are easy to make. You need a common hatpin for the foundation, and you must build the fancy head upon this, molding the cornstarch mixture about the common head into the form you prefer to have it. The beads on the top of the head shown in Fig. 5 are pearl beads, and are pressed into the molded head be-

fore the mixture hardens. The beads of the bracelet shown in Fig. 6 are made of the cornstarch mixture, with crystal beads placed between them, and they are strung upon a string of silk cord. Roll the cornstarch beads between the palms of your hands until they are perfectly round, then pierce holes through then



before they harden, to prepare them for stringing.

The watch-fob (Fig. 7) has a pendant made of the cornstarch mixture. The irregular-shaped piece in the center of the face may be a fancy button or a piece of colored glass. The ring at the top of the pendant is a fancy-work ring, and it is securely fastened with a small hairpin looped over it and extended down through the center of the pendant. A piece of silk ribbon, joined to the fancy-work ring and to the watch ring, completes the fob. A cross pendant has a small hairpin extending from the top down through the center, with just enough of the loop left exposed at the top to form a ring. Small pearl beads are pres

A lavalliere has a pendant made of the cornstarch material, but the beads are pearl beads. A hairpin must be embedded in the pendant to attach clean paper so it will measure eight embedded in the pendant to attach or nine inches square (Fig. 6); fold the cord to. Arrange the bends upon a silk cord.

into one face in rows, to complete the

Getting It Straight

Kwoter—After all, it's a true saying that "be laughs best who laughs last." Wise-Not at all. The really true saying is, "He laughs best whose laugh

Innovation in Telephoning The Paris telephone bureau has es-tablished an interesting innovation.

called "service rappels." For an annual subscription of six dollars, subscribers get a guarantee that "central" will take the numbers of all persons calling them while they are absent from their homes or of fices. When the subscriber returns he merely asks "central" to give him the list. If he leaves a deposit with the company "central" will also take any age for him, if he falls to answer

his call, and will read it to him on his return. This service costs four cents "Central" also informs all persons

pela" subscriber, so that they may leave their messages or numbers with the operator if the person called happens to be out. Continuous One.

calling that they are calling a "rap-

"Pa, what is a fatigue uniform?"
"The kind messenger boys wear, my.

### FRIEND WORTH THE KEEPING

European Merchant Showed His Appreciation of Newspaper in Substantial Manner.

Nothing pleases a newspaper more than letters of appreciation from its readers. The most hardened old ediwill flush up and tears of joy will Subscriber" or "Constant Reader" writes in to say that yesterday's ng attack was the best ever.

Here in America letters of apprecia tion are all that any editor can hope for. Abroad, however, it is different French editors are frequently rewarded for good articles by presents of roses, gold fountain pens, baskets of en, gold rou-But nowhere in the world does there

er of central Europe.

r Himbo lives in Budapent, and a new the Budapent Egypticies pubed an interview with him, which rately all his political

other choice pork products.

Since then, incredible as it seems,

supplied with pork meat. But man cannot live by meat alone, and a month or so ago the Egyetertea fill his cynical eyes when "Veteran editorial farewell for their final issue Mr. Bimbo was announced. He had heard the sad news, and now, taking in the situation, he took out his check book, and with one stroke of the pen set the Egyetertes on its feet again.

Cora Belle's team would bring a smile to the soberest face alive. Sheba is a tall, fanky old mure. Once she

roan. Being so long-legged she strides word that he seemed to be on the point slong at an amazing pace which her of breaking down. "ford bless you," To be crushed by a large misadventage a lead composition, so that it mate, Balaam, a little donkey, finds it Disraeli exclaimed. "Did that take you hard to keep up with. Balaam, like in? Why, that is part of the trick it is natural, but to fall a victim to three times its weight of lead that it is part of the trick it is natural. There are many who would prefer to break their necks once and good screen for the X-ray, or all by falling off a mountain, than when the back portion is rein claws that he sent forthwith to the some Mexican's heart, but time has pared."

editorial room a whole hand cart of added to his color also, and now he hams, sausages, blood puddings and is blue. His eyes are sunken and dim, his ears no longer stand up in true donkey style, but droop dejectedly. He Mr. Bimbo has kept its editors fully has to trot his best to keep up with Sheba's slowest stride. About every three miles he balks, but little Cora Belle doesn't call it balking, she says went into liquidation. As the editors Balaam has stopped to rest, and they in mournful conference composed an sit and wait till he is ready to trot along again. That is the kind of layout which drew up before our door that evening.—The Atlantic.

Disraeli, whose eloquence Lord Cur-zon ranks below that of Gladstone,

Trick of the Orator.

tried hard to give his hearers the impression that he was not in the habit of preparing his speeches. Discussing important than the big things—the Plunket's oratory with Disraell, Lord things that only come once in a way. Granville remarked that the Irlsh at long intervals, and even then are was bay in color, but the years have Granville remarked that the Irish at long intervals, and even then are the whole of t